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# Judge

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WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

# Judge

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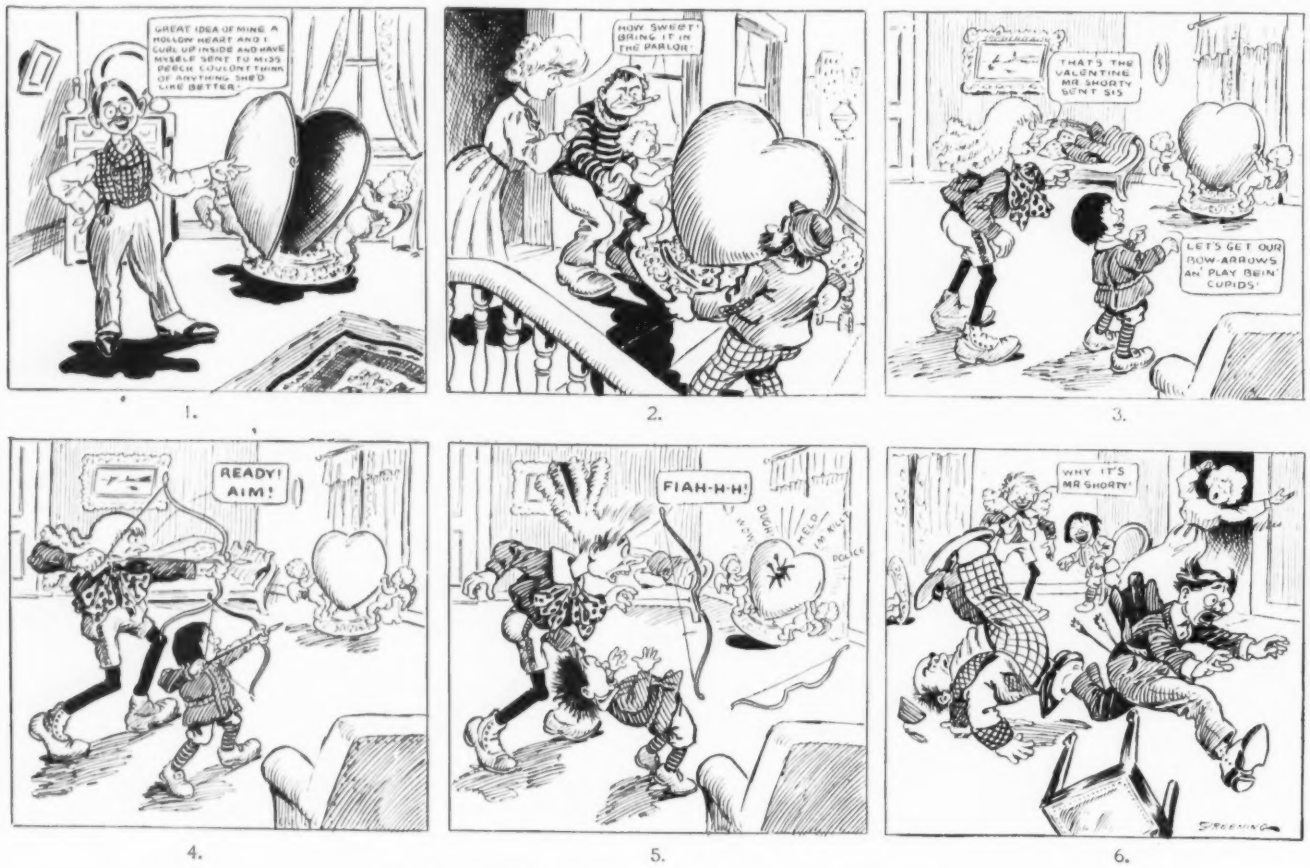
IF OUR MEMORY does not play us false, it was Benjamin Franklin who said that an empty bag will not stand up. If the genial old philosopher were living to-day and should hear a blast from the human cyclone of Nebraska, he would be very apt to remark that the opposite might be truthfully said of an empty wind-bag.

* * *

AT THE PRESENT TIME the Russian is the most conspicuous of all the under dogs extant. His very thoughts and dreams are embroidered with the oppression that is his; and his hope of freedom has been so long deferred that it is, so to speak, threadbare and moth-eaten beyond repair. But still it exists, and will continue to exist so long as this downtrodden and much-abused creature has a voice to raise in protest. On the dead wall of his vision he writes his petition in letters of blood, and it would be well for the czar, when not busily engaged in the act of hurdling and sidestepping bombs, to peruse this writing on the wall, and thereupon to give a thought to the fate of Belshazzar, who, it will be remembered, was wiped out and scattered at a time when he thought himself invincible. As a ladler out of bondage and oppression the czar is without an equal. He makes a specialty of grinding his people into pulp, and of winking at massacres which he probably regards as social amenities. He has had many ample opportunities lately to become conversant with the fact that he who lives by the sword perishes by it. The late slaughter in the streets of St. Petersburg shows this autocrat in his true colors, and the slaughter, which he probably regards as a mere incident, must have been a rare novelty to him, inasmuch as he has himself been so frequently the slaughtered. He was not contending with Japs the other day, or a different result would be recorded, as the Japs never fail to play horse with him, with the result that he is made to look the very perfection of a pink-tea soldier.

THE LOBBYISTS, politicians, trust-grafters, and other up-to-date guerrillas of cashcraft have come to regard Uncle Sam as a man who out-Jobs Job for patience, as well as one so long-suffering as to lend himself to their convenience in any way that they may elect. They juggle and manipulate him as if he were a mere toy of the jumping-jack variety. They have him rope-bound until he looks as if he were posing as a symphony in sailor's knots. And the binding seems to be sufficiently tight to cut into his wind and to impair his digestive machinery to such an extent as to make it impossible for the beef to assimilate with its copartner, known in the Lucullan circles of Park row simply as "and." He is pretty strongly bound, not to say encompassed about, with the ropes of litigation, graft, bribery, trickery, bunco, and the many other hempen strands that constitute the lassoes of these basilisks of cashcraft, who regard him as a crowbar, a drill, a jimmy, or any other burglar-tool with which they may care to operate for themselves or for the gangs they represent. Uncle Sam is endeavoring to disentangle himself from his suit of many knotted ropes, and the country is wondering whether or not he can perform the trick. Although it is anything but an easy one, it should be remembered that Uncle Sam is a man of resources and determination, a combination that usually wins in the long run. And it should also be remembered that he knows the ropes of every combination so well, be they simple or subtle, that the triumphal laugh of his many persecutors may be irrevocably fractured at any moment. And the laughers, who are as the stars of the stage and the sands of the sugar-barrel, may themselves be scattered as were the cohorts of the Assyrian king, who, a few hours before he became entangled in the wrath of the Lord, considered himself about the greatest fighting proposition in the business. The days of those red men of cashcraft are numbered, for the reason that Uncle Sam makes a specialty of prevailing over all the combinations against which he may be called upon to take a stand.




THE AMATEUR CUPIDS—A VALENTINE CATASTROPHE.

THOUGHTFUL OF HUBBY ALL THE WHILE.

MR. NEWLEETIED—"What did you do with that thirty dollars I gave you yesterday?"

MRS. NEWLEETIED—"Why, I spent part of it for a birthday-present for you, and the rest I put into this hat. Isn't it a beauty for only twenty-nine ninety-five, dear?"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

GRACE FIELD IN "IT HAPPENED IN NORDLAND."

Whene'er you come upon the scene and smile so sweet and bland
We fancy we are lost in some fine grown-up fairy-land,
Through which you lead us daintily until, to say we're bound,
We're glad we're lost, and only trust we never may be found.

## GETTING HIS MONEY BACK.

"I UNDERSTAND that you are about to make moves to regain the money you have lost through the statements of Mr. Jossem of Boston," says the interviewer to the frenzied magnate. "Are you going to fight him on the board of trade?"

"No," answers the frenzied magnate. "I am going to have him dramatized and then work him over into a parlor-game."

## A MISTAKEN INTENTION.

HE sent his photo to the maid—
It was a joke divine.
But that is why she threw him o'er—
She thought that he had meant it for
A comic valentine.

## A MODERN NECESSITY.

"ARE you the superintendent?"

It was in the office of one of the largest railroad systems in the country. A small, nervous-looking man with an anxious aspect addressed the individual behind the desk.

"Yes, sir; I am. What can I do for you?"

"I want a time-table."

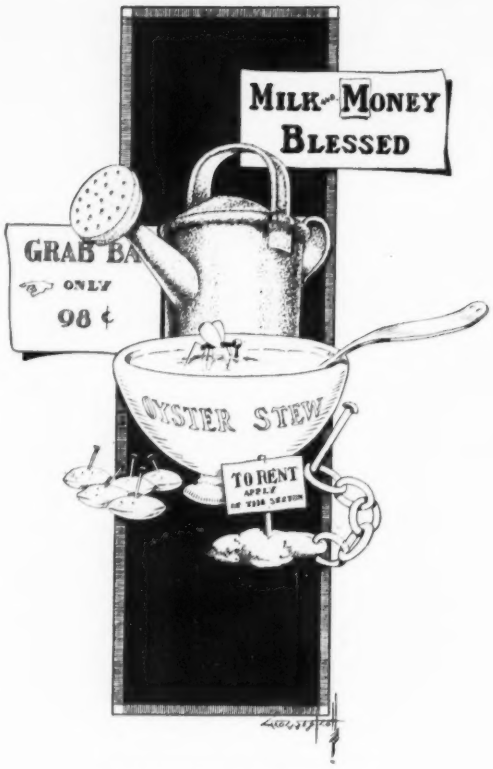
The superintendent rose sternly in his seat.

"A time-table?" he exclaimed. "Then why don't you get one in the ticket-office instead of bothering me?"

"For the simple reason, sir," replied the nervous-looking man, "that I want a big one. I want a time-table such as you put in your stations—a large, rectangular time-table, about four feet by six, in a handsome frame, printed in large type, showing the arrival and departure of all trains."

The superintendent looked at his visitor keenly. "May I ask, sir, what you wish with such a time-table?"

His visitor bowed. "Certainly, sir," he replied. "I've just moved into a suburban town on your system, and I want this time-table to hang up in my kitchen, where the cook can't fail to see it."




PARDONABLE BITTERNESS.

STRUGGLING FLY—"Oh, the irony of falling into a 'church-fair' oyster-stew! Were there an *oyster* in it I could crawl up on it and escape." (*Drowns.*)

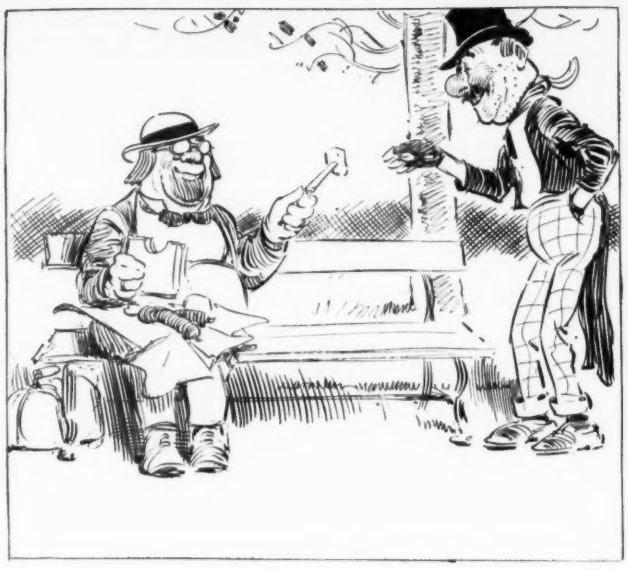
## THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

"IN SICILY and Corsica," observed the returned traveler, "there is a great deal of illiteracy. It is a great pity."

"So it is," replied his friend. "If more of the people could read and write they could carry on their vendettas by mail."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

CLAUDE (*hoarsely*)—"Angelina Murphy has just found a dime."
HAROLD—"'Sh! Make out yer didn't notice it, an' we'll bot' go up an' swear we love her fer herself alone."



1.

HERR SCHWOLLER—"Mein frient, make me der habbiness from oxcebting a biece of mein limpurger. Id iss der real t'ing, vich in der shobs you kent puy, is it?"

NERVY NAT—"My Teuton friend, I accept with outward semblances of pleasure this powerful token of good-will."

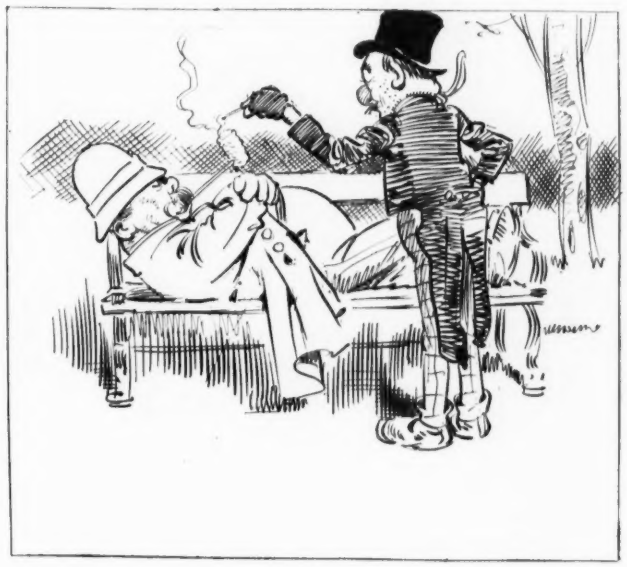
2.

NERVY NAT—"It's a beastly shame to pollute this Missouri meerschaum of mine with this limburger; but it's in a good cause. I'll go find O'Toole, dear old O'Toole! and wake him up; and then—and then"——

3.

NERVY NAT—"O'Toole, do not be alarmed, old fellow! 'Tis not your captain—only me, the gay but slightly shop-worn boulevardier, Nervy Nat. In my good right hand I hold untold visions for you. Wake up and try this bit of dope I bought from a chink."

OFFICER O'TOOLE—"Wa-wa-what's that, Nat? Is it me ye'd be timptin' into hittin' th' poipe?"



4.

OFFICER O'TOOLE—"Be gorry, Nat! are yez shure this is opeeum in thot poipe? 'Tis a vishis shmell Oi'm beginnin' to percave."

NERVY NAT—"Now, don't get nervous, O'Toole—it always begins that way. In two minutes you'll be going to Dr. Parkhurst's funeral and owning Coney island, and seeing ballets that would have to be stopped on Broadway."

5.

OFFICER O'TOOLE—"Howly murther! 'tis th' divil's own hoof Oi've bin shmokin'!"

NERVY NAT—"Oh, gosh! this is the limit. O'Toole, you're the best low comedian I've seen in a coon's age."

6.

OFFICER O'TOOLE—"Hov a couple av dozen av these an' yez'll hov some ilegant vishins yersilf."

NERVY NAT—"Yes, yes, O'Toole; I'm seeing things already, but I don't believe half the things I see. I'm forced to believe everything I feel. I feel that I am very much beneath you, and I also feel as if my koko would soon become an integral part of this concrete walk. I'm willing to get up any time from now on, O'Toole."

NO. 61.—NERVY NAT MAKES O'TOOLE HIT THE PIPE.

## HIS HABITS.

HE spent all his money
For things to quaff—
Blew quarter and quarter
On half and half.

## LOCAL NEWS.

*(From the Athens [Greece] Gazette.)*

FOR valentines go to Johnsonides. A fine supply. edtf

Work on the Parthenon is rapidly being pushed to a finish.

Several from here have the la grippe. Doc. Hippocrates is attending most of the indispositions, and under his able care much convalescence is hoped for.

Solon, counselor and attorney-at-law. Three parasangs to the right from the drug-store. Strictest confidence. Adv.

Pericles is having the front of his house painted. Praxiteles is doing the job, which is a swell one.

Zenophile of Sparta was buggy-riding Sunday eve. We mention no names.

Taxes is most due.

Crœsus called on ye editor Wednesday and paid cash for another year for the greatest of weeklies, the *Gazette*. It is a pleasure to do business with a gentleman like him. Come again, Crœs.

A MASTER SUPERIORITY.

MRS. LEVY—"Der trubble mit mein husband is dot he always loses patience vhen showing goods."

MRS. LEVI—"Yas, dot's right. But der beauty ohf it is dot he don'd lose his custeemers."

As we go to press war is raging on the Ægean.

News items to the *Tribune* always welcome.

Socrates spent Sunday with his wife.

Miltiades has received the pension he was working for. Here's our right [illegible], Milt.

An anagram party was held at the residence of Xerxes Jones yester evening, it being his natal day. A dandy time is reported as having been had. A collation was served.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

## SOLD AGAIN.

*Josher*—"I noticed you had on your three-ninety-eight rain-coat in yesterday's storm. Do you still think it a great bargain?"

*Buncode*—"No; I got soaked."

## BROTHER SUREFOOT'S SERMON.

DON'T des set an' res'
An' hope fo' de bes',
But start work fo' less.
Des plow it an' sow it,
An' dig it an' hoe it,
An' reap it an' mow it,
An' 'fore yo' know it
Yo'll sholy toe it;
De mark ob success.
Den yo'll hab de bes',
An' yo' kin git some res'.

MARTHA YOUNG.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

GOLFER (*explaining game*)—"First, you hit the ball."
FARMER GREENE—"I see; an' then ye buy another one."

## AN OLD SALT'S OBSERVATIONS.

MONEY will not make the mare go if it's bet on her.

A bird on the hat is frequently worth ten fine ones on hard dollars.

"Here, you! stop a-wastin' of my time," the planter shouted to the little nigger who had climbed his palm-tree an' was shakin' off the dates.

The first novel on the war with Japan is out in St. Petersburg. Chapters one, two an' three are devoted to the hero's name, and chapter four gives his post-office address.

"'Sdeath, there! ahoy!" roared the pirate in a hoarse, raucous voice at the corner of Columbus avenue an' Sixty-first street, west. With all spars tremblin' an' hawse-holes chokin' up with tears an' sobs, the dainty craft hove to. "Stand an' deliver!" commands the pirate, addin' that he wanted (quick) the di'monds that he saw a-glitterin' about her neck, the girdle of fine gold that he saw about her waist, the handsome purse she carried in her hand an' all it held. She stood an' she delivered. Then, havin' the pirate's leave, she hastened, with a heightened color in her cheeks, toward a place where a sign readin' "Press-agent" was hangin' out an' creakin' in the breeze. But, no; she was not to escape so easily. She heard the quick plug, plug of the pirate's runnin' feet behind her. Bein' dainty shod with real high heels, she couldn't lope much herself, so she lay to. As he come up the pirate handed back her truck. "Here, Lily Limelight," he says breathlessly; "take back your fire-gilt an' your rhinestones. I didn't know 'twas you, gadzooks! or never would I robbed ye." "Oh, sir," says she, real pitiful, "keep 'em — keep 'em! Don't you see what an unadulterated snap all this 'll give me in the daily papers? An' sadly do I need a boost of salary. Oh, keep 'em!" "I ain't no junk-emporium, an' can't be burdened with 'em," he replies. "Hist!" says she, an' hustles into a dark doorway, whence there comes a rustlin' sound as of preparations to investigate some secret, knitted storage warehouse. "*Now* will you keep 'em?" she inquires as, reappearin', she passes out a real one-dollar bill. "'Tis all I have, but take it an' remain a robber." "All right," says he. "I do it to oblige a lady. I'll keep 'em till your notices have appeared in all the evenin' extras, an' then I'll give 'em to the ashman." "Oh, thanks!" says she. "You've hoisted up my weekly wage by sixteen plunks. Come round an' see the show some night." She handed him a slip of paper. "That's a pass," says she as she disappeared around the corner.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

QUESTION.

"Huh! I don't need a wife any more than a pig needs a tooth-brush.'
"Don't you need a tooth-brush?"

## TOO PARADOXICAL.

THE man who likes these wintry days,
When winds are chill and gruff,
O'ersteps his meaning in his praise
When calling them "hot stuff."

SURE.

MR. CHASE TRAIN—"Ugh! it's cold. Say, do you believe the prophecy that the earth in the end will be consumed by fire?"
MR. EARLY RISER—"Cert.! Why, I myself get away with fifteen or twenty tons of it in my heater every winter."

Judge

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# CAN HE DO THE TRICK?

Uncle Sam's great effort to disentangle himself.

## TO SAINT VALENTINE.

AH, VAL., my dear, delectable old chap!
I'm glad you've called to see me. Still pursuing
Your pleasure-giving craft? What years of wooing
You've strewn with flowers kept specially on tap,
Filling with dainty missives Beauty's lap,
And with such prodigality in strewing!
But, honest, Val, this year there's nothing doing,
And I don't care a continental rap;
For forty winters have not even left
Sufficient "snows" to deck my shining dome,
The curls of youth, alas! have ceased to flow.
Sweethearts have married; still I'm not bereft.
Just press that button, make yourself at home,
And join me in a hot Scotch ere you go.

EUGENE GRARY.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

MRS. SCRAPLEIGH "There are more weddings in July than any other month. It was in March, though, that you led me to the altar."

MR. SCRAPLEIGH "Yes; March is the 'mad' month." (And then they had it again.)

*First worm*—"You look happy."
*Second worm*—"Yes; I just made a lucky turn."

NEXT!

AUTO VICTIM—"No, I don't know his identity; but I know that he was a barber."
OFFICER—"How do you know? It might be an important clew."
AUTO VICTIM—"Well, he went over my face twice."

## FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

NOW, bress de Lawd dat sen' de snow
An' show de dawg de way to go.
He break de path; I foller him
An' cotch de 'possum on de limb.

De owl hoot in de ole tree-top
An' tell de dawg whar he mus' stop.
De snow it lighten up de way
An' show whar Mistah 'Possum lay.

De Lawd he make de yearth so white
De niggah see plain in de night.
He wouldn' know which way to go
But fo' de footprints in de snow.

F. H. B.

## SIGN THEY COST MORE.

"THEY must be prospering."

"Yes. I notice his wife is wearing uglier hats than ever before."

## THE EXCEPTION.

"WELL," said Mr. Titewad, putting down his paper, "that woman who got all that money from those bankers certainly was shrewd. Seems like a woman can always get money from a man, no matter how cautious he is."

"She can," remarked Mrs. Titewad, "so long as she isn't married to him."

## IN HARMONY.

"YES, sir," says the ice-dealer; "the price of ice will be much higher next summer. You see, there has been a poor ice-crop this winter."

"But you deal in artificial ice," argues the patron.

"Certainly. Necessarily, I have to put up an artificial excuse."

## HARD TO FIND.

*First squirrel*—"Well, what have you been doing?"

*Second squirrel*—"Looking for the truth in a nutshell."

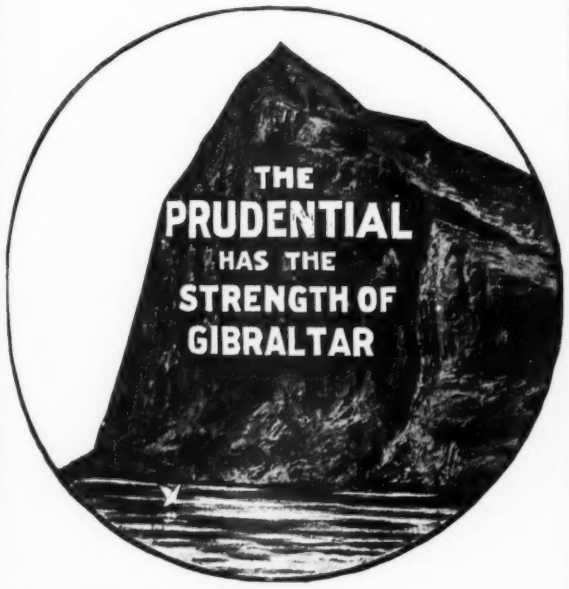
HIS GALLANTRY.

THE LOVER "Ph-sst! phsst! Hi, Mag! come over here an' take a look at de valentine wot I went to de trouble to draw fer youse."

# THE PRUDENTIAL

## Stronger Financially, and in the Confidence of the Public, Than Ever Before

## A Year of Greatest Gains in Progress, Security and Usefulness




### TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
### JANUARY 1, 1905

#### ASSETS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BONDS AND MORTGAGES | | $15,682,358.73 |
| 3309 All First Liens on Property, valued at | $40,882,977.19 | |
| REAL ESTATE owned by the Company | | 12,494,957.86 |
| RAILROAD BONDS | | 27,681,596.87 |
| MUNICIPAL AND MISCELLANEOUS BONDS | | 10,141,196.00 |
| UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS | | 105,375.00 |
| NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY STOCKS | | 4,200,400.00 |
| Total Market Value of above Bonds and Stocks | $42,128,567.87 | |
| Total Cost Value of above Bonds and Stocks | 40,697,570.44 | |
| INCREASE IN VALUE OF BONDS AND STOCKS OVER COST | $1,430,997.43 | |
| CASH IN 259 BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES throughout the United States, and cash in office ($6,154,811.25 on Interest) | | 6,832,683.09 |
| INTEREST AND RENTS, due and accrued | | 641,775.85 |
| LOANS ON COLLATERAL SECURITIES | | 5,665,100.00 |
| Bonds and Stocks, having Market Value of | $7,549,322.00 | |
| Excess of Market Value over amount Loaned, showing margin of security of | 1,884,222.00 | |
| LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS | | 2,427,950.12 |
| On the security of their Policies—the Reserve Value on their Policies being | $4,427,238.00 | |
| SEMI-ANNUAL AND QUARTERLY PREMIUMS not yet due, and Premiums in course of collection (Reserve charged in Liabilities) | | 2,888,911.65 |
| **Total Assets** | | **$88,762,305.17** |

#### LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|---|
| RESERVE, Legal and Special<br>Amount held to Protect Policy Contracts. | $73,954,919.00 |
| ALL OTHER LIABILITIES<br>Policy Claims, including those in process of adjustment; Premiums paid in advance; Unearned Interest on Policy Loans; Bills awaiting presentation for payment, etc. | 1,481,519.84 |
| SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS | 13,325,866.33 |
| **Total Liabilities** | **$88,762,305.17** |

**Number of Policies**
in force, nearly
**6 Million**

**Increase in Number**
of Policies in force, over
**One-half Million**

**Paid Policyholders**
during 1904, over
**13 Million Dollars**

**Total Payments**
to Policyholders, December 31, 1904, over
**92 Million Dollars**

**Increase in Assets**
over
**16 Million Dollars**

**Cash Dividends**
and other concessions, not stipulated in original contracts, and voluntarily given to holders of old Policies, to date, over
**5 Million Dollars**

## Life Insurance Issued and Paid for during 1904, over 312 Million Dollars

*LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY*

# OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS

*LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE*

## THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — Write for Information of Policies, Dept. N. — Home Office, Newark, N. J.

THE LIQUEUR
OF
POLITE SOCIETY

LIQUEUR
Pères Chartreux
—GREEN AND YELLOW—
*Formerly known as Chartreuse*

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

FOR 70 YEARS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

**DR. MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF**

**(Relieves at Once and Cures Absolutely)**

It should be used by all sufferers of Catarrh, Cold in-the-head, Ringing in the Ears or Deafness (due to Catarrh.) It gives instant relief,—cleans the head at once by reaching the inflamed parts. Contains no cocaine, morphine, or other dangerous drugs.

**25 cents** *per bottle at all druggists, or by mail prepaid.*

A complete treatise on Catarrh, free by mail. Write for Book C1.

F. C. KEITH, Prop., Cleveland, Ohio

70 YEARS A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY

One quarter actual size.

"John, we will have to change milkmen."

"Why, my dear, aren't we getting pure milk from this one?"

"Well, he acts suspiciously. As he drove up this morning I heard him whistling 'I'm on the water-wagon now."—*Cleveland Ledger.*

The man who has made no mistakes has not been alive very long. It used to be a common error to defer taking life insurance. Inform yourself fully by reading the free publications mailed by the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

**SOHMER PIANOS**

**Sohmer Building,** 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

Only salesroom in Greater New York.

The Boston magazine publisher was dissatisfied with the plebeian "Continued in our next."

Therefore, immediately following a break in the story he was giving his readers on the installment plan, the following showed up: "Discontinued until next month."—*Chicago News.*

The cottage colony surrounding the beautiful Hotel Bon Air, Augusta, Georgia, makes social life at this popular resort a highly enjoyable feature of the winter sojourn. C. G. Trussell, Manager.

"I thought they weren't going to be married until the spring?"

"Yes; but they changed their minds suddenly, and did the thing yesterday You see, they happened to find a good servant-girl out of a job and they wanted to snap her up."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A glass of soda and a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters make a pleasing drink and act as a tonic.

There's just one thing
You must acquire
If you would set
The world afire.
And that 's to know
The thing to do
To make the world
Run after you.
—*New York Sun.*

The Sohmer Piano is recognized by the music-loving public as one of the best in the world. Visit the warerooms, Sohmer Building, 170 Fifth avenue, before buying elsewhere.

*Miss de Muir*—"Mr. Foxey, am I younger than I look, or am I older?"

*Mr. Foxey*—"All I know about that is that nobody could possibly be half as young as you look."—*Chicago Tribune.*

*Daisy*—"Why, Rose, dear, what have you done to your poodle? The last time I saw him his hair was white."

*Rose*—"Yes; but it was such a nuisance to keep him washed, you know, so I just had him dyed brown."—*Detroit Free Press.*

*Knicker*—"Jones is a self-made man."

*Bocker*—"Yes; he has tried to take out a patent on himself."—*New York Sun.*

**WILSON WHISKEY**

**THAT'S ALL!**

A PATRIOTIC PARALLEL.

GRADY—"An' phwy shud Oi uncover as Oi wud to Saint Pathrick? Did *he* banish all th' shnakes from Amiriky?"

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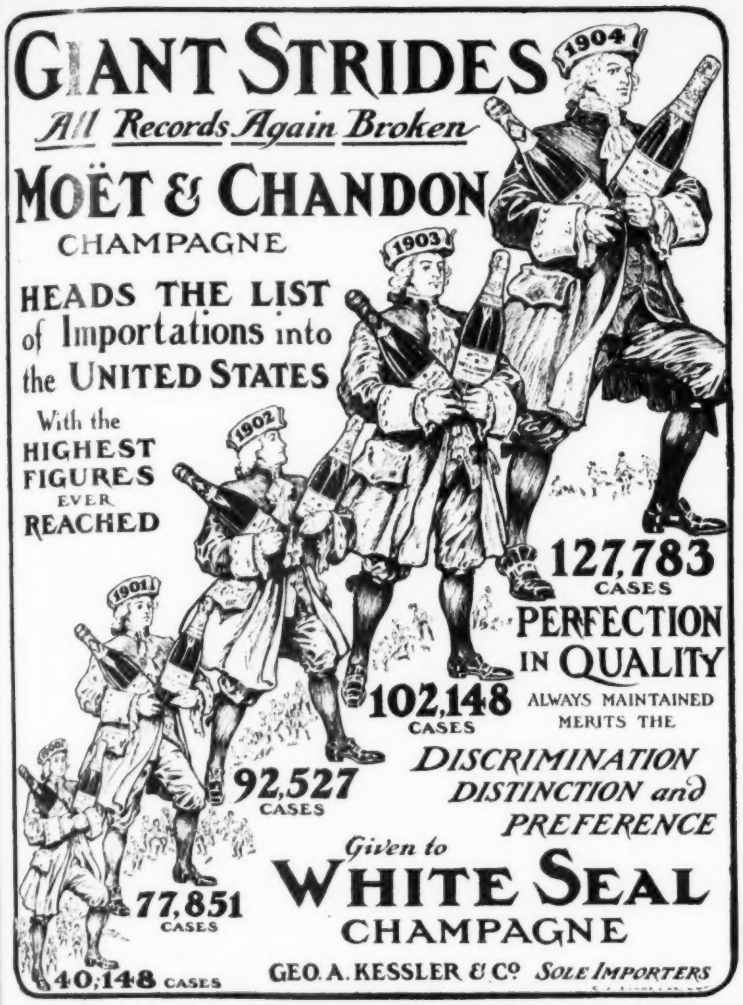


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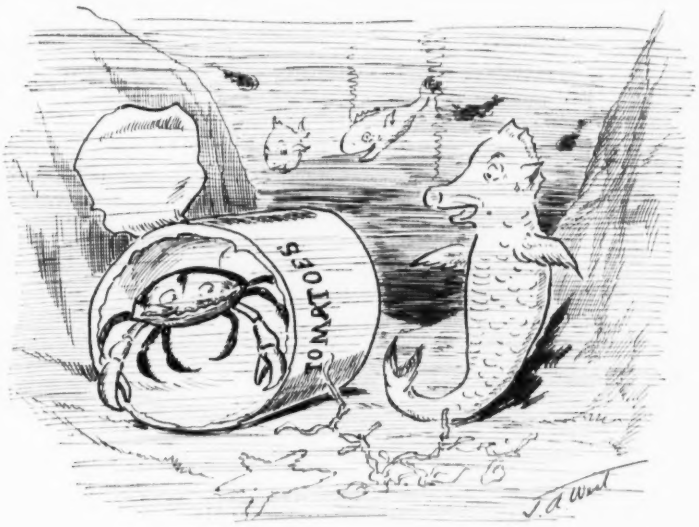


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CRAB—"It's easily explained. I'm a hermit crab."


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"How do you know?"

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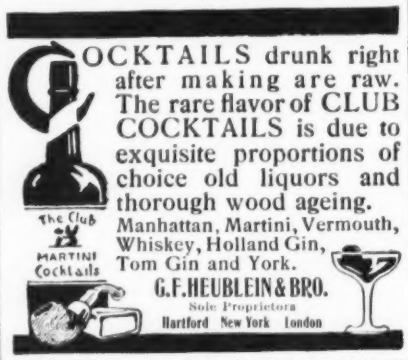


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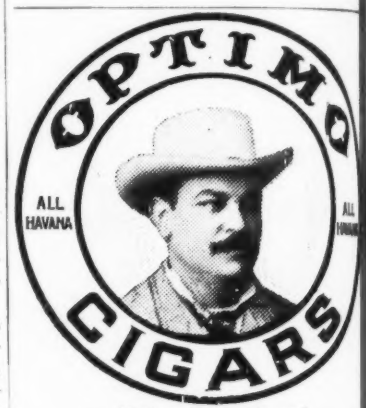


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## Contents of Leslie's Weekly February 9, 1905


"How the Filipinos Rival the Japanese as Fighters," by Day Allen Willey; a startling revelation of the military qualities of the natives of the Philippines, who are the allies of the American Army, with a page of photographs.

"Toils and Perils of North Atlantic Seal-hunters," by D. W. Allen; a graphic account (illustrated) of the dangerous calling of adventurous Newfoundlanders.

"The Most Original Club in the World—the Gridiron," by Arthur W. Dunn; a readable history of the famous club of the newspaper correspondents at Washington, with a page of humorous drawings by Hy Mayer.

"The Popular Music-hall Conglomeration," by Eleanor Franklin; a sprightly article on the all-star performances at a leading New York place of amusement, with a page of attractive photographs.

"The Man from Kansas City," by Frederick Walworth, an odd and interesting story of a "promoter" and the troubles which befell his dupes.

"Jasper's Hints to Money-makers," replete with information and advice worth many dollars to every speculator and investor.

Illustrations.

"The Heart of New York After the Blizzard," front.

"Echoes of the Long and Bloody Siege of Port Arthur," and "War's Grim Evidences Within Japan's Own Borders"; two pages of striking photographs illustrative of the war in the Far East.

"The Great Automobile Meet on the Florida Coast"; a page of fine photographs showing the principal features of the recent motor-car races, in which new world's records were made.

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"What happened to Rolligan?"

"He dhrowned."

"An' couldn't he swim?"

"He did, for nine hours; but he was a union man."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Hit's a good idee ter hope fer de best," says Brother Williams, "but de man who works fer it is de one who gits dar!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

*Stella*—"Mabel says she doesn't believe everything in the bible."

*Bella*—"Well, you see, her own age is in it."—*New York Sun.*


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"Yes; she said the cover just matched the parlor curtains."—*Atlanta Constitution.*


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MISS JACKSON—"What evidence? Why Ah got four worn-out sofa-pillows, a broken-down sofa, an' a lamp that won't light."

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HOW SHOULD HE KNOW?

MRS. HANDOUT—"I don't suppose you know what work is."
WEARY WILLIE—"Dat's right, mum. I don't believe I'd know I wuz workin' if I *wuz* workin'."